

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. SIX

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 10, 1926

TEN CENTS

CARMEL ASSESSMENTS ARE GIVEN BOOST

CARMEL'S total assessment valuation of \$2,222,830 is not enough on which to raise sufficient money to conduct the affairs of the city for the next year, according to the board of trustees which met Monday as a board of equalization and instructed the city clerk to make blanket increases of from 20 to 50 percent all over town.

It was stated by John B. Jordan, chairman of the board, that as the state law prevented a further increase in the tax rate it would be necessary to raise more money by increasing the assessments on property to be taxed. It was provided that all protests will be heard by the board of equalization at 10 o'clock August 24. By that time all property owners will have been notified of the new assessment on their property.

The assessment roll as presented to the board by Miss Saidee Van Brower, city assessor, and which was ordered raised, included the following amounts:

Real estate, \$1,077,780; improvements, \$1,029,445; personal property, \$182,195; exemptions, \$66,596; total, \$2,222,830.

S. F. CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY COMING HERE

CARMEL IS FORTUNATE in the result of the efforts of David Alberto in obtaining an engagement for the Theatre of the Golden Bough on the evening of August 28 of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco which will give a concert here under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society. This organization is nationally recognized and has had an unbroken record of successes in various parts of the country. The director is Louis Persinger and others in the organization are Louis Ford, violinist; Nathan Firestone, viola; Walter Ferner, violoncello, and Elias Hecht, flute.

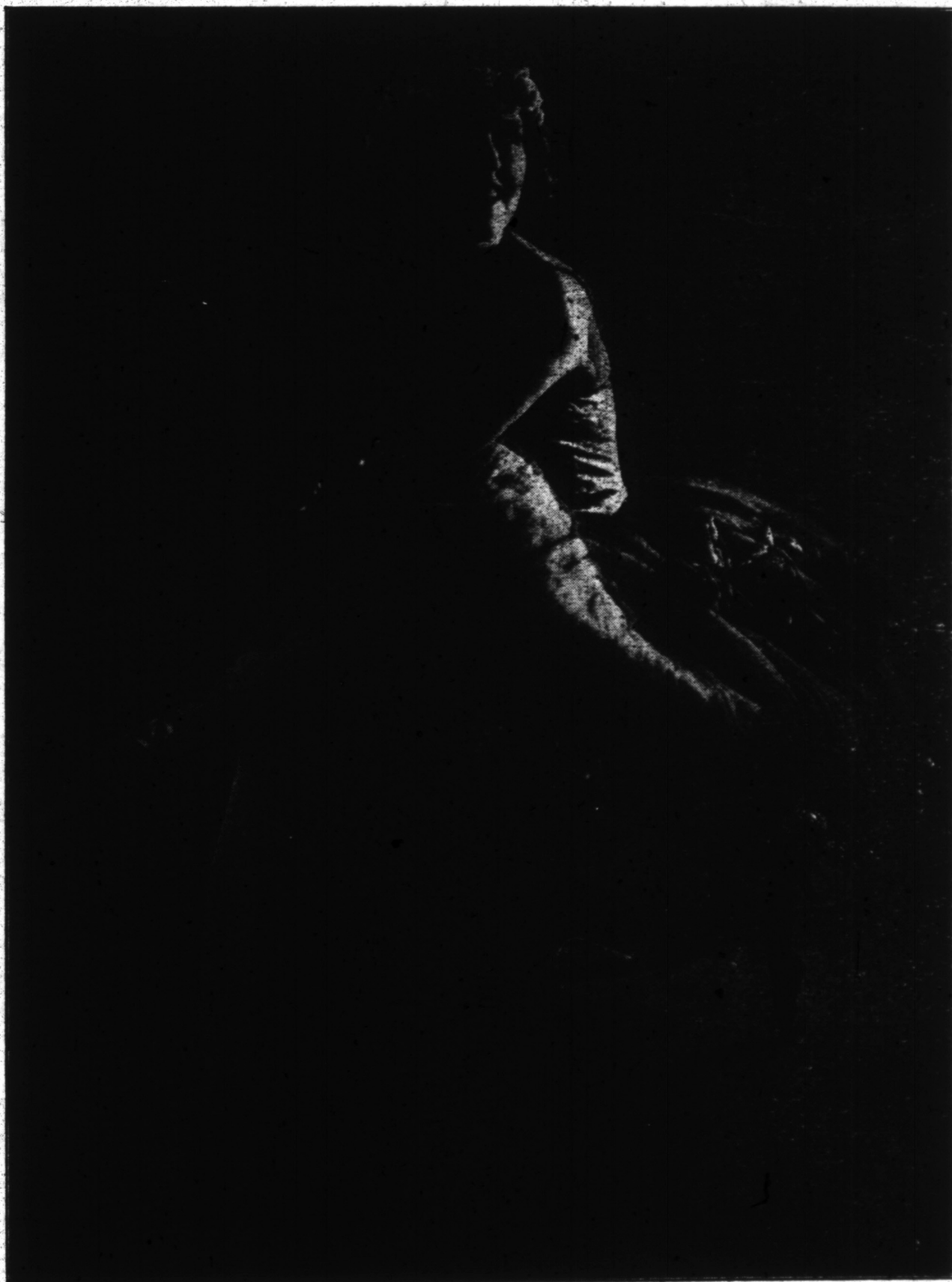
"KING DODO" TO BE FINE SHOW

WITH THE performance of "King Dodo" on Friday and Saturday of this week will come the end of the seventeenth summer festival of the Forest Theater. Last year it was "The Mikado" which wound up the out door theater season. "King Dodo" promises to be even more delightful than last year's opera, and the Forest Theater program for 1926 will end in a blaze of lights and beautiful colors, a triumphant burst of melody and a riotous evening of fun and laughter.

Fenton Foster and his company of seventy-five—"almost all girls" as he has been assuring the expectant public—and his orchestra of twenty pieces have all been working hard

ADELINE ROTTI

Who presents "Confetti—Bits of the Dance" at The Theatre of the Golden Bough August 20 and 21.



to make this production of "King Dodo" a success. Those who saw John R. Pavilla's delightful rendering of Ko-Ko in last year's "Mikado" will be anticipating a great pleasure in seeing him take the title role in this year's production.

We've never seen a performance of "King Dodo" but we're looking forward to it because Mr. Foster says it's a very funny play,

and he chuckled as he said it—and if a show still seems amusing to a director after many rehearsals when he knows the jokes by heart, it really must be entertaining!

There is an announcement of particular interest on the back page of this issue of THE CYMBAL—one that should appeal to all who are interested in Carmel.

VALE JIMMIE THE DOUD

HE'S GONE—has Jimmie,
 And we'll miss him. He
 Was so darned decorative,
 And lucrative—
 Looking on Ocean avenue—
 The best we have. And you
 Will quite agree
 There are sights to see
 On our main thoroughfare
 That make girls beware
 Of how they throw their eyes about—
 Or Carmel dudes might put 'em out.
 Fr'instance there's Rem who has a way
 About him that seems to cast a ray
 Of hope in many a breast, they say,
 And Ernie isn't such a wiste although
 He has one. Flanders is a sort of beau—
 In looks, at least. Neb Lewis has a style
 That doth beguile.
 Charlie Van Riper oft can be
 Intriguingly
 Attractive when—
 And now and then
 Tal Josselyn struts his stuff,
 But "in the rough"
 Our Jimmie put 'em all—
 Bugle, horn or caddie call
 Found Jimmie ready, boot and spur;
 A menace to each wary Her
 Who tripped our street,
 Intent discreet
 Until the Doud
 In knickers loud
 Drove every hymn
 But Him
 From sober thoughts
 And all the oughts
 That youth is heir to
 And has to bear, too.
 But now he's gone, and rumor runs
 That tons and tons
 Of tears will not avail
 To bring him back within the pale
 Of common folk.
 The yoke
 Will be upon him e'er we see
 His face again. And though he'll be
 Back there in stock, he's not for sale,
 And you can't order Doud by mail.

MOLLIE MERRICK, MUSIC EDITOR
 OF EXAMINER IN CARMEL

THE FIRST THING one feels about Mollie Merrick is her vital and satisfying personality. Music editor of the San Francisco Examiner, she is tremendously and alively interested in modern music. She knows Carmel well, having spent her vacations here for the past several years, and is anxious to see it take its rightful place as a town to which musicians and their work are welcomed and given an appreciative reception. She feels that there must be a sufficiently large group of music-lovers in Carmel to make this possible. She regrets the lack of the new music in San Francisco, and of a suitable concert hall (who doesn't hate the Auditorium, having once suffered through a recital there?) and thinks that Hollywood is far in advance in its interest in and performances of modern music. However, she is a loyal and enthusiastic admirer of Alfred

Hertz—as indeed who, knowing his work, is not?—and spoke of the fine solidity and focussed power of his orchestra, and his perfect control and use of it as an instrument.

Miss Merrick is staying a month in Carmel and seems to be almost wavering in the direction of making her home here part of the time—at least, she has been exploring Hatton Fields! She is here with her sister and aunt, and "Chubby", her smart-looking little car, and most important, a hammock which, she says, she brought down with the intention of slinging it to a tree and basking in the Carmel sun—but apparently there's no such thing. And, after the charming reception she gave me I felt quite guilty about our inhospitable weather. She deserves better of us!

—J. R.

CROWDS GATHER AT OPENING
OF GOLDEN STATE THEATER

CROWDS attended both the regular performance and the "Midnight Frolic" at the opening of the new Golden State Theater in Monterey Friday evening. The new theater is said to be the largest and most beautiful on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Frank Sheridan was master of ceremonies, and Marie Prevost, Vera Steadman, of Monterey, and Jack Duffy were the motion pictures stars who appeared in person and on the screen. There was a jazz orchestra which wasn't given a chance to show what it could do, between the yells of enthusiasm, blowing of tin horns and throwing of confetti by the audience, which quieted down, however, the moment Freddie Search appeared with his cello. He played two numbers, charmingly and with feeling—Saint Saens "Le Cygne" and "I Love You Truly"—and he had an appreciative audience.

The feature picture was Marie Prevost in "Up in Mabel's Room"—the usual bedroom

farce—well acted at least by Miss Prevost, and Jack Duffy in a Christie comedy.

—J. R.

Professor and Mrs. J. B. Overton and their two daughters left Carmel last Friday after a stay of several months. They will sail from San Francisco on the Panama-Pacific line for New York tomorrow. After visiting in Pennsylvania they will return to Wisconsin.

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 and as economically as
 it can be done, and I
 hit the mark so often
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 I not include you?*

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MISS
MARGARET
ANGLIN
Who Will
Head a
Company in
"CAROLINE"
at the
Theatre of the
Golden Bough
Next Tuesday and
Wednesday
Nights



Adventures in Eating Out

Number 10

ONE of our most poignant memories is of a certain walk home from classes at college on a cold winter noon, hungry to the point of starvation. As we passed by one of the big, comfortable Cambridge homes, there floated out to us the heavenly fragrance of steak being broiled! With mouth watering, we walked on reluctantly to the lunch of anemic minced-lamb-on-toast which we knew waited for us in the dormitory diningroom. Always when we are particularly hungry our thoughts turn to visions of steak!

It is a comforting thing to know that in Carmel there is a place where you can get nice juicy steaks, cooked to suit your individual taste as to rareness or well-doneness, and get them at what can, without exaggeration, be called a surprisingly low price. And that's at the Carmel Restaurant on San Carlos.

If you are a meat-eater, this is your haven. Meat with rich gravies, ragouts, chops, excellent hash and stews, roasts—and they're all prepared to have the home-made taste that never palls. The baked ham and fried chicken mustn't go without mention also. The meals, of course, include other food to make them balanced, good vegetables and salad, and often hot rolls or biscuit or corn bread, but being a confirmed meat-eater ourselves we can't help placing the emphasis on that side of the menu.

And it is perfectly good form here to wrap

ALLAN CRAM EXHIBIT

A VERY INTERESTING exhibit of pencil drawings by Allan Cram was held in the lobby of the Theatre of the Golden Bough. They are landscapes of the Monterey Peninsula and parts of Southern California. Although done in black and white they have a wonderful feeling of color and brilliancy. Particularly in those of the beach one visualizes the blueness of the water and the gayety and color of the beach parasols and the figures in bathing-suits. The drawings are exquisitely finished, and Mrs. Cram, who was in charge of the exhibit, told me that her husband never rubs out a line. He makes two or three tiny rough sketches of his subject, then comes home and works from memory and the sketches, destroying a drawing if it does not please him and making a new one. He seems to work in either all horizontal or perpendicular lines; in his surf and desert drawings the flow of line running across the picture, while in the drawings of Carmel rocks and the hills above Carmel Highlands the lines run up and down—in either case giving a wonderful effect of distance or height.

Cram has also had an exhibit here recently of little water-color sketches of cowboys—wherein his feeling for color has full play.

—J. R.

up the bones from your plate in a piece of paper and take them home to your dog or cat!

FROM CARMEL TO LONDON TOWN

THE COMING of Margaret Anglin in "Caroline" by Somerset Maugham possesses an additional interest, apart from the fact that she has played it with conspicuous success in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco. It is being hailed again in London through a revival made by Miss Irene Van Braugh and C. Aubrey Smith. "Caroline" apparently is perennially beautiful.

Also the production in Carmel will probably mark a synchronous performance of the same play with more miles between each theater than has possibly ever been known in the history of the drama.

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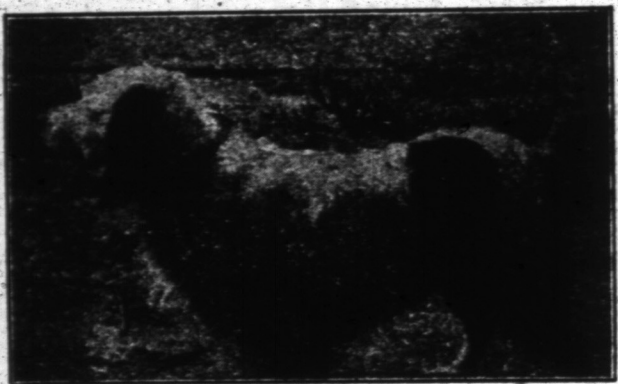
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Number Six

BOBBY AND BUDDY DEYOE are a boy and a dog. Buddy is a Lewellyn setter and the DeYoes got him out of the dog asylum at San Jose, vulgarly known as the pound. He is a real aristocrat and has a beautiful black and white silk glossy



coat and is much loved by his chum Bobby and his master, Ray DeYoe and his beloved mistress—the Lady Maude.

Buddy's popularity is not confined to his immediate family, however. He is a friendly, gentle, inoffensive soul and has a way of coming into a downtown office and putting his lovely silky head on some one's lap and looking lovingly into some one's eyes.

Once when his Family went out of town they left him with Mrs. May, but Buddy eluded her and went back to his house and made the night hideous with his howls. The next day the Family received the following agonized appeal:

"To the People Who Own the Dog!

Please, I beg of you, do not take this note amiss—you wouldn't if you knew me and realized how I have really SUFFERED over the barking and howling of your dog. Of course, I know he isn't or can't be suffering too, for you wouldn't allow that—but last night he barked and howled in the most heartrending and hideous manner, and ever though I took a pill to make me sleep, it had no effect in competition with him and I did not sleep a wink all night. Two other nights during the past two weeks he has kept me awake, although he did not howl until daytime. I really beg of you to do something immediate and drastic about it—for otherwise my health and summer will be spoiled. I am up here for a rest and have been told that Carmel was the quietest place!

Hoping you will be the "right kind of people" (as I think you must be in being in Carmel) and believing you do not know how unhappy and nervous and wretched you have made me,

Very sincerely yours,
The Cottage Next Door"

Buddy lives up on La Loma and he hears hundreds of machines going by on the highway every hour, but he knows the engines of the three cars belonging to the Family as soon as he hears them coming up the highway.

One chair is reserved for Buddy's bed and if the Family have to use it for a guest, Bud-

dy stands and looks wistfully at him, and the guest doesn't know why but thinks Buddy is interested in him.

A couple of years ago the DeYoes went down below King City on a picnic and Buddy got lost. There was much weeping and grieving and crepe-hanging. At first Mr. DeYoe was quite sarcastic about Buddy's popularity with the rest of the Family but he felt pretty badly about it himself. He advertised in all the papers between L. A. and whereupon Buddy was found to be down Carmel and offered a substantial reward—near Soledad and the Family went on another picnic and brought him home.

Buddy is a very popular member of the Carmel art colony. He enters into no disputes but minds his own business and is a substantial, worthy citizen. —D. F. B.

PERSONAL MENTION

MR. AND MRS. Douglas Meldrum of San Francisco spent the week-end in Carmel and the Highlands. Meldrum is with the San Francisco branch of the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia.

The second house begun in Hatton Fields is that of Miss Janet Prentiss, of The Cinderella Shop.

Mrs. F. J. Gilbert of New York, her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Perry and her son Frederick Gilbert, are staying in Carmel. They have just completed a tour by motor of the Northwest and are here on their way to Santa Barbara where they will take the train back to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Knapp of Brookline, Mass. are staying at Highlands Inn. Knapp is a member of the Lecture Board of the Christian Science Mother Church in Boston.

Miss Ella Shaw, owner of Highlands Inn, has returned from a nine months' trip abroad, during which time she traveled in Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, France and England.

Dr. Amelia B. Gates is back in Carmel from a two months' trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Bauer are staying at the Old Cabin. Mrs. Bauer is the sister of Lawrence Strauss, well-known singer, who has recently had such success in London.

The Misses Eleanor and Aileen O'Sullivan, win nieces of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan of Holland Park, London, and of Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, are in Carmel on a visit of two or three weeks. They expect to return to England in the autumn.

Mrs. William Pierce Johnson of San Francisco is staying at Peter Pan Lodge, Carmel Highlands.

Kenneth Mackenzie of Portland, Ore., and Ritchie Dunn of San Francisco were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper

Orcutt in their home on Casanova street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Detrick were at Del Monte over the week-end. Mr. Detrick took part in the tennis tournament.

Mrs. Ralph Todd and Miss Vivian Foree motored to San Francisco on Sunday, returning the following day.

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Theatre of The Golden Bough



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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

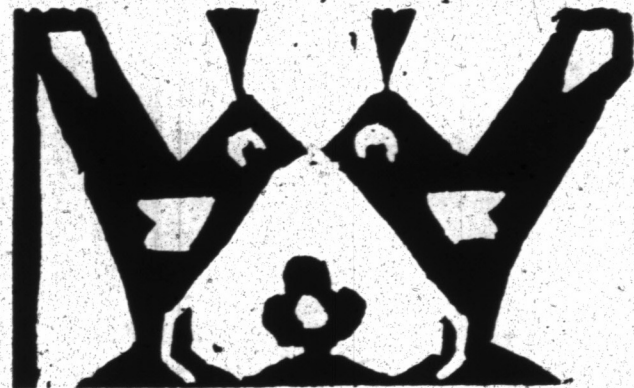
Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notes and Comment

OUR EASTERN correspondent has sent us a book review that competes for honors in the brief and caustic class. She says that "Silver Stallion" gave her a Cabellyache.

SOMETIME SINCE the United States Postoffice declined further to accept the name "You Bet" as a designation for one of the early California towns. Now that we have a big bone-handled revolver dashing about our streets Carmel might make a bid for the historic name.

ANY ENTERPRISING youngster in the town could capitalize on the was or wasn't visit of the Aimee McPherson person. The touri, generally addicted to curiosity of the absurd variety, has been asking for direction to the "Aimee McPherson cottage". The Carmel Realty company may find that it is profitable to retain that name for the Benedict house. There's a class of person that would be willing to suffer the summer fogs, the roar of the waves, the deep shadows of the pines and a poet for a not very distant neighbor for the glory of residing in a house of questionable amours—if amours are actually ever questionable.



WE CAN'T SEE that it matters much where Aimee McPherson actually was when she wasn't being kidnapped in Mexico, but the statement of one Ormiston, duly sworn or otherwise, far from provides any proof that she wasn't in Carmel. Half a man would have flown to the assistance of the lady many weeks before Ormiston did if all that was required of him was a sworn statement that she was not the companion of a brief and secret sojourn on the shores of our sea. To realize what a natural thing it is for him to deny it one only has to think how utterly caddish a thing it would be to have admitted it. As for the promised appearance of the lady designated as "Miss X", any man with a note book of telephone num-

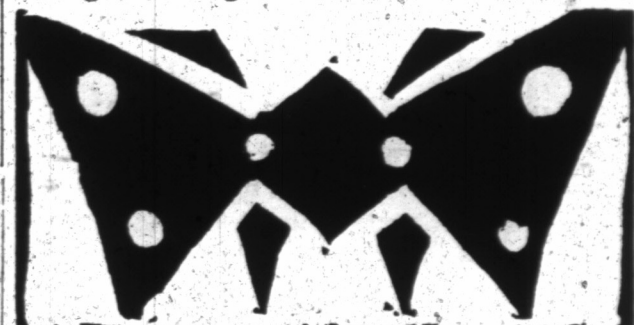
bers could provide a "Miss X" in the flesh ready to swear to anything under the sun for not very much in the realm of pecuniary temptation. But, as we say, it really doesn't matter whether Carmel had the honor of love-nesting Aimee McPherson, or whether we are robbing some other town of its due in legitimate advertising, we have profited to this extent, that South o' Market they will hereafter say of us: "Carmel? Oh, that's where Aimee was kidnapped", instead of: "Carmel? Sure, that's where the nuts live"



WE FEEL this way about it:—Miss Margaret Anglin is doing Carmel a distinct honor by consenting to play here. Probably there were two principal factors that moved her to agree to do so. One undoubtedly was the fame of Carmel as a place of unusual distinction and the other was Carmel's possession of a theater such as the Golden Bough. But no matter what the factors that moved her, it is sufficient that she has chosen to come, forecasting, one may hope, the visits here of others of her rank on the stage. It is therefore altogether fitting and proper that we should do all in our power to make her appearance here one that she will remember with pleasure and one, we hope, she will mention when she is back in New York and "talking shop" with her kind. We can make this possible by giving her the reception to which she is entitled and which will, in turn fill us with gratification and delight. The Cymbal dedicates itself toward this end and refuses to consider her appearance here in any sort of a commercial light as far as it is concerned as a publicity medium. From what we know about the business side of the theater we are convinced that Edward Kuster will not clear a million through the engagement at the Theatre of the Golden Bough of Miss Anglin—in fact, he will do well on his percentage to pay for his lights even though the actress plays to capacity houses. The Cymbal therefore is glad to open its columns to all possible information about the coming of Miss Anglin, considering it a matter of news per se. Our disinclination to commercialize it in the matter of paid advertising is our contribution to a furtherance of the success of the event.

AND HERE'S WHERE we give some free advertising to God. You know that little brown bug we run around town in and which is considered a menace to the extent of a twenty-dollar fine or five days in jail when it backs sixty feet—well, last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock we were at The Cymbal office; at 4:45 o'clock we were turning around in front of the postoffice at Big Sur, and at 6:45 o'clock we were back at The Cymbal office. If you have anything at all that runs around on four wheels you can do it. And Oh, the wonders of it! The sea? You skirt it for miles. Cliffs? You

ride them. Hilltops? You circle them. Gorges? You delve into them. Mountains? You scale them. Forests? You penetrate them. And then you meet a clear bubbling stream that meanders, as the poets have had it, over sand and pebbles and soft rocks and meadows here and there; the sort of stream that the books of childhood picture and which actuality so seldom presents to seeableness and touchableness. And all the while the world spreads before you in all its most delightful ramifications. From the moment you pass the Carmel Mission the best there is and so many varieties of the best crowd to your eyes and back through them to your senses until you find yourself so pitifully inadequate in words, so disgusted, in fact, with words other than those spoken by the water and the mountains and the sky and the broad fields and the great peaceful, certain trees. We are so small and insignificant when we look up at the stars; we are so unbeautiful when we look at the beauty amidst which we pursue our mean and meaningless way. If you would find a delight that accentuates the smallness and insignificance of yourself and yet gives you in its awful bigness the power to forget it for the time, get out your bug next Sunday and drive to the Big Sur, for after all "for lasting happiness we turn to one alone, and she surrounds you now—great nature, refuge of the weary heart—" as George Sterling has written.



WE WERE VISITED yesterday by the man who believes in deliberate and premeditated murder; a man who revels in his power to administer it. Friend W. Richardson, who to the everlasting shame of California happens to be its governor, was received and royally feted at Hotel Del Monte. Self-respecting persons experienced some strange sort of pride in sitting down at table with this man who glories in that prerogative of his office which permits him sneeringly to deny to a mother the life of an erring son. There might be some sort of excuse for the cruelty of Governor Richardson if it were with a tearing heart that he finds it necessary to refuse a commutation of sentence to some pitifully sub-normal boy who has been sentenced to be hanged, but there can be nothing but contempt and loathing for the man who refuses even to consider pleas for mercy and vomits diabolical glee at being empowered to do so. F. W. Richardson (it makes one shudder to use the name his mother gave him) is a heartless man and he is arrogantly and effusively proud of it.



SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR

THEY WERE TELLING vamps of the Philippines down in the Officers' Club at Fortress Monroe—that snug little niche tucked away in the old sea-fronting bastions—and the tenor of the talk was all of the reaction of the tropics upon the soul of the white man. That and how lonesomeness and the near presence of death in the jungle works to undermine the morals of the Anglo-Saxon. A captain of the Third Field Artillery, one who spoke with the soft elisions of the Texans, took up the tale:

"You over there, Major: you were down in Mindanao when old Datto Gum was on the loose. You'll know just how the things I'm telling could come about. An outpost in Zamboanga, looking south to Zulu—walk a hundred yards from the city wall and you'd get a bolo through the skull—night alarms—sniping from those Mausers the gun-runners shipped over from the China coast—fevers—dysentery—have I covered the high points? Don't a man's insides just rot under those conditions; and all his red blood turn to white?

"Well, gentlemen, our outfit'd been down there six months when two boys of my company—call 'em Dodge and Rush—disappeared. Both good boys; both holding medals for marksmanship. We sent searching parties out into the bush as far as we dared, expecting to find their bodies. Not a trace! We simply scratched them off the company roster as missing.

"The sniping went on as usual. One day the guard who was sitting by the clothes of an outfit that had gone swimming was shot through the forehead. It was a Krag bullet and not one from the Mausers the Datto's men used. We wondered how old Gum had managed to lay hands on one of the service rifles.

"Two-three months after Dodge and Rush had disappeared our outfit took the offensive against the Datto and pushed him into one of his old mud-walled forts. Nice little fight there. We rushed the place. One of my lieutenants was the first on top of the wall. He sat there firing Krags into the Datto's men as fast as they could be handed up to him while our ladder was being spliced where it had been broken. All of a sudden he turned and yelled down to me in the ditch:

"By God, Captain—two white men!—Dodge and Rush, sir, or I'm a Chinaman!"

"When we all swarmed over and chased the Datto's men out into the jungle this lieutenant was white and shaking. 'Naked to the waist they were,' he said to me, 'with rags round their heads like regular Moros. Both of them tried hard to get me.'

"I tried hard to believe him, gentlemen. But it didn't seem to make sense: two of our outfit turned yellow as that and fighting

with half-civilized Moros. However, at the end of that little offensive old Datto Gum sent in word he'd had enough and wanted to make peace on any terms. When he and his men had surrendered one of them squealed—said Dodge and Rush had married two of their women, become Mohammedans and lived like Moros. Of course, when the Datto gave up, our two deserters had taken to the mountains. They were sure enough outcasts then.

"Figure it, gentlemen: two white men with their brown women out in the bush and with all the world against them. Not nice, eh?

"Almost a year after that a native came in from the mountains and told us Dodge and Rush were dead. Said he could take us to their bodies. We sent a detachment back with the man to fetch in what remained of the two deserters.

"The sergeant in charge afterwards told me he'd found the two skeletons side by side, a bullet hole through the skull of each; and from the position of the rusted Krags it was plain suicide.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't know how to tell you the wind-up of this story. It doesn't sound nice. It sure wouldn't read nice in any report. I reckon we had all slipped some from decent white man's code out yonder. But—

"The day those bones came into the post somebody at the officers' club made a suggestion and the surgeon of the outfit got busy. He laid out those bones on the terrace in front of the club just as you'd articulate a skeleton in a medical college—bone to bone and skulls in place. Then we put a campaign hat on each skull, and laid those two rusty

Krags alongside the right arm bones in the position of 'carry arms'.

"There for two days remained all that was left of Dodge and Rush for all the post to see.

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SHAW LASHES GOVERNMENT ON SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

By John L. Balderston

(In the New York World)

CHARACTERISTICALLY, Bernard Shaw's seventieth birthday dinner to-night was no series of complimentary speeches, wound up by a blushing acknowledgement by the hero of the evening, but was turned into a violent attack on the Tory Government for refusing to permit Shaw's speech to be broadcast because Shaw declined to promise not to talk about "controversial subjects" and the lambasting of capitalism by Shaw.

Only once in his two-hour speech did Shaw display his feeling and then his audience was much moved. He had explained that when Labor again takes power "you must weed out your old men. That will save me the trouble of refusing quite a number of jobs."

Then the dramatist, whose health, as his friends knew, has been extremely poor, continued:

"I belong to the literary period. My belt is shot, my time is past."

There were cries of dissent, but Shaw shook his white head. He evidently was thinking of a dozen articles in the newspapers to-day and yesterday praising his youthfulness. "Oh yes, I know all about that. I know all about my wonderful youth." Slowly and painfully Shaw raised his right arm above his head. "I wish you could know what my arm feels like as I lift it up like this."

Perhaps because other distinguished writers foresaw that this dinner, given by the Parliamentary Labor party, would wind up as it did, messages of regret were read from John Galsworthy, Sir James Barrie, Sir Hall Caine, Arnold Bennett and others.

SHAW dealt briefly with himself before rendering the social system in his speech lasting all evening.

"Of late years the public have been trying to tackle me in every way they possibly can, and, failing to make anything of it, they have turned to treating me as a great man. This is a dreadful fate to overtake anybody, but there has been a distinct attempt to do it again, and for that reason I absolutely decline to say anything about the celebration of my seventieth birthday.

"But when my old friends of the labor party invited me here I knew that I should be all right. We have discovered the secret that there are no great men, no great nations. You all know I am an extraordinary clever fellow at my job. But I have not got that great man feeling. You have not got it either. My predecessor at my professional business"—Shaw paused, and his auditors, realizing he meant Shakespeare, roared.

SHAW continued: "He lived in the middle-class set, but there was one person in that set who was a brick layer (Ben Jonson) and, when, after Shakespeare's

death, the middle-class set started to celebrate Shakespeare by issuing a folio edition of his works (I haven't done that yet) the bricklayer said, "Yes, all right, I like the man as well as anybody can this side of idolatry."

"That is a feeling which I hope is prevalent. I am beginning to be bothered very much by idolatry on one hand and super-foolishness on the other. One wants to keep away from that. One wants to continue the part of the bricklayer, always to keep on this side of idolatry and try to get rid of the great nations. Then, perhaps, we shall get rid of the great nations. Then we shall be happy."

Shaw then turned to the broadcasting grievance already complained of by Ramsay MacDonald, who said that all of Great Britain and much of the Continent would have listened in but for what MacDonald called "the smallness of mind of the Government and its utter incapacity to gauge what is in the hearts of the people".

Shaw declared, "I had hoped to address

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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THE MERE MAN GOES OUT TO TEA

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

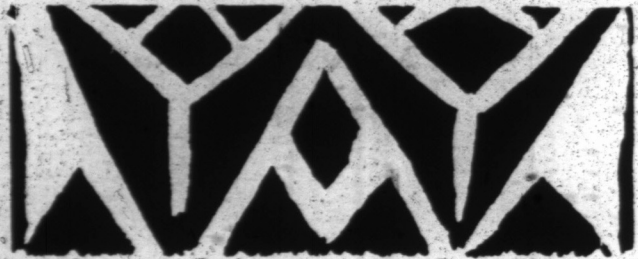
THE ROOM was crowded when the mere man entered it. He came in so quietly that no one noticed him and he stood a few minutes by the door watching the animated scene.

"I wonder what they're all talking about," he thought as he found a chair beside a rather wilted-looking woman in a shiny black gown.

"We were discussing the fourth dimension," said she, turning to the newcomer. "And I tell them it is perfectly absurd to argue any longer, because Time is the fourth dimension."

"Indeed," said the mere man, "Tell me about it. I am intensely interested."

"Well . . . you see," she began, "It's this way . . . let me see . . . I'm sure I'm right. I have it all in a book at home but I don't re-



member exactly how it goes. Let me get you a cup of tea."

The supercilious young man with the polished hair condescended to explain.

"Time is curved, you know," said he, "In fact, time does not exist outside of space . . . that is to say, we speak now of space-time—a space-time continuum. It's all perfectly simple since Einstein. Everything is relative, don't you know?"

The languid musician with the long thin fingers was sitting down to the piano. "Oh, Wagner," he said wearily, in answer to a question, "We don't consider him any more. Too sentimental. In fact, there are only about three composers worth playing to-day. I shall play you one of my own compositions."

Feeling by this time rather in need of a gentle stimulant, the mere man went in search of his tea. A charming girl with a smooth bobbed head and a slender willowy figure brought him some and sat down beside him. She introduced herself gracefully and lighting a cigarette began to talk.

"It's so wonderful to find someone who understands," she said, "You see, I'm engaged to be married but my fiance has an Oedipus complex and I know he will want his mother around all the time. Of course, he won't admit it, and I can't persuade him to be analysed. He is full of inhibitions and fixations and he imagines he is perfectly normal! As for myself, the thing that bothers me most is that I talk in my sleep, and I know my subconscious is full of the most dreadful things so I can't see much happiness ahead for us. It's perfectly lovely of you to be so sympathetic and with a perfect stranger, too—let me take your cup."

They joined the group by the fire. The genius with the mop of dark hair was talking. "Art, you know, should never be intelligible. It should spring directly from the emotions and the more distorted it becomes

the more real it will be. In fact, I sometimes paint my most successful things without thinking at all and with my eyes closed. People have told me that it is astounding what my pictures do to them, and I believe it is simply because I am never conscious of what I am doing when I am painting."

A more strident voice, however, broke sharply across this interesting speech.

"James Joyce," it said, "has achieved a remarkable degree of sublimation. He has written straight from the unconscious. It took me three whole months to read 'Ulysses' and when I had finished I started all over again. Sometimes I would read a sentence over twenty times before I began to get its meaning . . . and then I was never sure if I had it right. I tell you that is writing! One has respect for a style like that. I believe that James Joyce will some day be heralded as the torch-bearer of the Twentieth Century."

"Tweet, tweet," twitted a sparrow on the window-sill, winking a wicked eye. He hopped gleefully to an acacia spray and shook down a shower of yellow blossoms.

It was too much for the mere man. "You must excuse me for leaving early," he said to his hostess, "but I have a friend waiting for me outside."

"Vox, vox et praeterea nihil," he assured the sparrow as he went through the quiet garden and turned his steps towards the hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clapp returned to Berkeley on Monday. They had been occupying the McDuffie house.

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A BOOK WITH THE TASTE OF SALT IN IT

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

WHEN I first went to live in Philadelphia I was enthusiastic about the beauties of the surrounding countryside. But after a few years I used to find myself longing for the more rugged scenery of my native New England, as one longs for something salty to eat after too much sweet. The rolling fields of Pennsylvania, the green meadows and carefully tended estates, the big houses set in park-like grounds with sheep nibbling the wide lawns—it was all lovely but it was too "soft". I kept longing more and more to set the teeth of my soul into the crisp saltiness of the New England coast, where there are great gray boulders of granite lashed by rough Atlantic tides; wind-swept miles of open marsh with coarse stiff grass bordering the little saltwater creeks winding in their muddy banks old gnarled apple trees in sloping orchards; and every farm and country lane bordered by its low stone wall. There is a bracing hardness about it all that is salt to the native, and only makes the more lovely the overlying film of delicate softness that has been and, I suppose, always will be described by the poets as "the mantel of spring".

All this is a clumsy preamble to what I started out to say, I am afraid, but perhaps you can make the connection. If you have grown tired of "soft" books and longed for the kind you can bite on, you'll find delight and satisfaction in Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Urkey Island". It is as clear and sharp and true as steel! (I apologize—but I simply can't help making a pun once in a while, regrettable as such a practice admittedly is.)

It was probably the fact that "Urkey Island" is somewhere off the coast of Massachusetts that suggested the elaborate metaphor of the beginning of this comment. This collection of short stories forms a remarkable group of pictures of New England life,—but this is life on an offshore island, which is something quite apart from life on the mainland. Only a few years ago I was on a little island off the coast of Maine where there were still people who have never seen a street car or a movie! Their ideas, the workings of their minds,—their whole attitude toward life is inevitably different, as are their social customs. Other people have written of island dwellers and their peculiarities, but their accounts are too often sentimental or humorous, or an unpleasant mixture of both. Steele's typewriter keys are uncontaminated by either, yet these stories do not lack very beautiful writing, and the softening touch of sentiment which comes from such keen understanding of life, such true sympathy of outlook as he possesses. There is also no lack of humor—a mordant, penetrating humor, sharp and biting and unerring in its mark.

The first story in the book was perhaps the least impressive, but the rest are masterpieces. The situations and the plots, no less than the writing, are far from the beaten

track of short story fiction. There is strength and truth about "Urkey Island" as fascinating, as mysterious, and withal as simple as a lonely granite rock which stands unmoved by the endless waves breaking over it in their surge toward the shore.



BOTKE PAINTINGS TO BE SHOWN SUNDAY

AN EXHIBITION of recent paintings by Cornelis and Jessie Arms Botke will be held at the Arts and Crafts Hall next Sunday afternoon, August 15. This group is being sent out on a series of exhibitions through the West and Middle West, by the Association of Western Art Museum Directors, and will be shown in the museums of most of the prominent cities, including St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Dayton, Houston and Denver. The pictures will be away for eighteen months or more.

The linoleum cuts used as decorations in this issue of The Cymbal were made by Miss Virginia Burton of Carmel.

THE TOUR IN BEAUTY QUEST

YES, we've seen your pines and things 'n
Road you call the path of kings 'n
Ridden up and down your streets 'n
Breathed the fog that comes in sheets 'n
Looked in all your funny shops 'n
Seen your latest painting crops 'n
Marveled at the poets and dogs 'n
Laughed at all the Carmel togs 'n
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The Convergence of Fundamentalism and Evolution

By Professor G. T. W. PATRICK

University of Iowa

(Reprinted from the Scientific Monthly)

Chapter Four

OUT OF ALL THIS there emerges a curious and unexpected convergence of the two supposedly irreconcilable theories of the evolutionist and the special creationist. An illustration will make this convergence clearer. It is repugnant to the special creationists to suppose that the mind of man has been evolved from animal behavior. But we see now that mind according to the evolutionists is not something evolved OUT OF animal behavior. Mind is in no way potential in such behavior. When it comes it is something new. Even according to the obsolescent Darwinian theory of small variations, every variation is a novelty, and somewhere in the history of mental development an all-wise observer would be obliged to say, "This is no longer animal instinct, it is mind"; while according to the mutation theory, we may believe that mind more suddenly appeared.

Let us suppose, however, that the special creationist is not satisfied with this identification of the two views. He believes that God created man in his own image a little lower than the angels, while evolution teaches that man is descended from ape-like creatures by a natural process. The two views are thus, as he thinks, diametrically opposed. But are they opposed at all? A little careful reflection will show that they are very much alike, for whence, according to the theory of evolution, come those all-important variations, those wonderful and unexplained mutations, those significant increments and novelties? They just appear. But they do not appear without a cause and, as we have seen, they are not implicit in the first life germs. If, however, as evolutionists believe, they are upward steps in an epigenetic process, if they are new creations, some adequate creative power seems to be implied. As life and mind are the results of the organization of simple physical and mechanical units, some adequate organizing agency is required. Something or some one is marshaling the units into a majestic order, call it, if you please, with Wells and Shaw, a life force; call it with Bergson an *elan vital*; call it an evolutionary urge, or struggle for existence, or will to live; or call it, as Lloyd Morgan does in his recent book on Emergent Evolution, just simply God.

Here, of course, the objection may be urged that the reconciliation is very incomplete, since the evolutionist often does not admit the existence of any life force, or *elan vital*, or any creative God, but attributes the whole evolutionary movement to the action of resident forces. Le Conte, for instance, defined evolution as continuous progressive change according to certain laws and by

means of resident forces. But the fundamentalist might have no objection to this definition, for he, no doubt, believes in an IMMANENT God, who "resides" in the world and exercises his creative power there; and the evolutionists, at least many twentieth century evolutionists, when they speak of resident forces do not use the word "force" in the sense which it bears in the mechanical sciences, for the latter is not cumulative, creative nor progressive. In like manner the old dispute as to whether the creative forces are natural or supernatural has lost its significance, since the meaning of the word "supernatural" depends wholly on the limitation which one chooses to put on the term "nature" or "natural".

But what about the other part of the fundamentalist's creed, namely, that "man was created in the image of God, a little lower than the angels"? At first it seems as if there were a fearful contrast between this view and the doctrine that man is descended from ape-like creatures, but the contrast

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

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SOCIETY

A FAREWELL TEA in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanford was given on Friday evening by the Misses Josephine Culbertson and Ida Johnson at their studio on Lincoln street. There were several tables of bridge. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Wolsey, Mrs. Sara Deming, Mrs. Kissam Johnson, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Charlton, Mrs. John B. Jordan, Miss Helen Bencranz, Miss Eleanor Abercrombie and Miss Doran.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell and Miss Helen Freeman of Pasadena were guests of Mrs. Edward E. Kluegel at luncheon at the Carmel Tea Garden last Thursday.

Mrs. Langdon Harris of New York entertained at dinner Thursday evening at Del Monte Lodge. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt, Mrs. F. J. Gilbert, Mrs. Margaret Perry, Miss Patricia Perry, Mr. Ritchie Dunn, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. Winsor Josselyn, Mr. Stephen Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt gave a dinner Friday at their home in Pebble Beach in honor of Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce of New York and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Martha Cooper-Hughes entertained at dinner at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club Friday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Orcutt and Mr. John Cooper.

The forthcoming departure of Helen Ward, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hand, was the motive Monday evening for a farewell party at the home of Helen Turner. Those present were Mildred Pearson, Helen Ward, Wilma Bassett, Muriel Watson, Marion Minges, Helen Turner, Glenn Leidig, Herbert McGuckin, George Young, Lyle Palmer, Bill Staniford and Harry Aucourt.

Emily Grace Hanks, Tapestry Designer

MISS EMILY HANKS of New York is spending the month of August with the Botkes. Miss Hanks has just come south from a month's teaching of head and figure construction in the Ashland Oregon School of Art, an interesting summer school with a faculty from Pratt Institute.

Miss Hanks was a scholarship student at Pratt Institute and besides studying portrait with Robert Henri, she is a student of Lucien Simon and Rene Menard. She was several years in charge of the studios of the Herter Looms, when she designed ten of the tapestries of the "History of New York" for the Hotel McAlpin, in New York, including the large "Surrender of Peter Stuyvesant" and the "Opening of the Erie Canal". She was assistant to Albert Herter on the painting for the Mural Room in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. The distinctive figures in

the panel "Europe" were painted by her, and she also assisted Herter on his painting in the State Capitol of Wisconsin.

She is now instructor in the life classes at Pratt Institute and at the Fawcett School of Industrial Art of Newark, New Jersey, the only public art school in the United States. In the latter school there being but a small appropriation for models, it has given Miss Hanks an ample opportunity to develop a varied method of her own of teaching the figure and head without models. Her real interest being portraiture, during her several years of teaching she has evolved a method which is fundamentally sound and has procured excellent results both with beginners and advanced students. She believes in modeling as an aid to study, and her model type head which she teaches is comprised of a ball and cone, slightly modified, and in combination forming a true human type head. Thus the student can see that all heads are reducible to a common type form made up of two of the simplest in existence, the ball and cone. This enables the student from the beginning to gain a mental concept of the head as a whole, and meets the demand of all good teaching which is built on the advice to "see the model as a whole", and also to construct the head without the model.

Miss Hanks is busy during her stay in Carmel preparing for publication lessons in this method.

MANZANITA THEATER BENEFIT FOR HUMANE SOCIETY AUGUST 21

There will be a special double bill of motion pictures at the Manzanita theater on the evening of August 21 as a benefit for the Carmel Humane Society. The program will include the picture "Why Worry" and "Rose of the World" with Patsy Ruth Miller in the leading role.

GERDA WISMER HOFMANN TO PRODUCE "STAR CHILD" IN S. F.

Gerda Wismer Hofmann, who produced "The Snow Queen" at The Theatre of the Golden Bough last month, has gone to San Francisco to begin rehearsals for her next production, "The Star Child". Mrs. Hofmann plans also to produce "The Snow Queen" in San Francisco for the Christmas Festival play of the bay cities. "The Snow Queen" is being translated into Danish and Mrs. Hofmann expects to take it to Denmark next summer when she will direct its production at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen.

The production of "The Snow Queen" at The Theatre of the Golden Bough was the first since it was produced at the Hecksher Foundation Children's theater in New York.

CARMEL FIREMEN GOING TO LONG BEACH FOR CONVENTION

Robert Leidig, chief of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, and B. W. Adams of the local department, are leaving this week for Long Beach where they will attend as delegates the state convention of the California State Firemen's Association.

Chief Leidig reported this week that the campaign held recently by the firemen for its social fund and sick benefit netted more than one thousand dollars.

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Impressions of a First Visit to England

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LONDON, June 12. **I**T'S JUST GRAND! Of course, we haven't done any real adventuring yet but we've just naturally bumped into Oxford street and Piccadilly and Hyde Park, and ten million other places. It's almost like being home, for about every other street one passes is one read about and known for ages.

On the continent I missed homes so much. In the south of France and in all other countries, the houses seemed so much like seashore cottages in various stages of elaborateness, while in Paris, it seems that everybody except the very wealthy lives in an apartment house or over a shop. But here—O gosh! There are real homes with curtains and candlesticks and fireplaces. It is a joy to walk along any street.

We've an adorable place—real Chintz curtains and fireplaces, and a big blue Chesterfield with chairs to match. It's the most charming place I've ever lived in, and we are simply ecstatic about it. We are in a little house and have a big living room on the second floor, and the entire third floor which includes two bedrooms, kitchen and bath. I could go on about it to a tiresome infinitum.

It's grand to travel and all that, but it's grander to come back to your own language and people. Furriners is all very nice; but I declare here and now that there's only two races of civilized ladies and gentlemen—the English and the Americans!

W E'VE BEEN having such a thrilling time in London we have done really no sightseeing! Last Tuesday we heard a talk by Sheila Kaye-Smith and Rebecca West, presided over by none less than J. H. Squire. Sheila is skinny and shows traces of Sussex influence in her choice of clothes. She looks under thirty. Rebecca is a large party with fur coat and sweeping hat. She made much the better talk. The subject was: "Is there any alternative to the Sex Novel?" We met Hendrick Van Loon and his wife at the theater and went to tea with them afterwards. As we sat down at tea, Van Loon was hailed by a little dark Jew, who Adam and I secretly agreed must be doing a turn at one of the music halls. Imagine our surprise to learn that he was none other than George Jean Nathan!

Today we had lunch with the Van Loons (yes, at the Carlton Grill, of novel fame!). Afterwards we were joined by Hugh Lofting (Dr. Doolittle's progenitor, you know) and went to Hill's, who are mentioned as far back as in Pepy's Diary. They are violin makers, from whom Kreisler and Elman purchased their fiddles, and have a number of violins that they keep in a safe which strongly resembles, with its long violin cases, temporary vaults in a cemetery! The now extant Hill told us that years ago, in order to pay for a Steiner violin, an American gave 1500 acres of land. The land is now the city of Pittsburg. So it goes!

I must tell you something amusing. I have a stunning old 11th century locket I

bought in Madrid. It has the crudest, quaintest picture on each side—one of St. Antonio against a lovely blue background holding a silly little bunch of flowers in his hand. Well, I showed it to an American girl the other day and she asked me in all seriousness if I intended changing the pictures in it!

LONDON IS SO satisfactory. One actually does see on Piccadilly in the morning young English "toffs" in high hats, sticks, tailed coats, grey striped trousers and white spats. Isn't that sort of nice, now?

We haven't been playing with the literary lights lately but we've been doing society. In Portugal we met two Englishmen; one, a Mr. Shaw, the other, Mr. Melvin-Hunter. Well, we stayed last week-end in Mr. Shaw's country home—and it was so like the English novels! House:—Oakstead, including among other rooms, 1 drawing room, 1 day nursery, 1 master's dressing room, etc., etc. Personnel: 1 parlor maid, 1 house maid, 1 cook, 1 nurse, 1 French governess, 3 children, little in evidence, 1 other guest, a young English girl who said things were "awf'ly jolly", etc. We arrived for lunch Saturday, marvelous meal perfectly served by the two maids. After lunch went to neighboring house and many sets of tennis. Tea served by the butler. Return for dinner, coffee in the dining room and much polite conversation. Eleven p. m. enter maid with whisky and soda. Sunday morning entrance of maid to put back curtains and bring in hot water. After breakfast, cross country walk. Luncheon. Retirement of ladies until tea time. Tea in the drawing room. Walk in the garden. Dinner, then more polite drawing room conversation, mostly about ancestors, and display of family tree chart. We left Monday morning feeling we had done ourselves proud.

But—last night we had dinner at the Melvin-Hunters. We expected to have Mr. and Mrs. appear on the verandah and say: "come right in, folks, and make yourselves at home". But no. One maid took Adam's hat and stick, another conducted me upstairs and removed my cape. I rejoined my distinguished-looking husband. No Mr. and Mrs. still. Then we were conducted to the drawing room door and announced. Dinner with champagne was wonderful. And then Mrs. Melvin-Hunter and I retired and left the men to their port and cigars and liqueurs, and of course, cigarettes were brought to us ladies (ahem!) in the garden! It was grand! I never acted so polite and refined in all my life! And to get there we passed Putney Common, and an old, old tavern called The

Angel. It was such fun! And—you can always tell a bus that goes out into the country because it has a little silver rabbit on the front, indicating that it takes you out among the rabbits. Now isn't that cute? And I've heard a man playing on a penny whistle. And I've heard people going about the streets singing their lavender song. And I adore the London charladies!

—Jean.

NEW BOOKS AT WOODSIDE LIBRARY

Among the new books at the Woodside Library are the following:

Rosa.....	Knut Hamsen
Casanova's Escape.....	Arthur Machen
Two or Three Graces.....	Aldous Huxley
A Room With a View.....	E. M. Forster
The Fourth Queen.....	Isabel Patterson
Celibates.....	George Moore
Ralph Herne.....	W. H. Hudson
The Room.....	G. B. Stern
Mantrap.....	Sinclair Lewis
The Great God Brown.....	Eugene O'Neill
The Dybbuk.....	S. Ansky
Essays and Soliloquies.....	Miguel de Unamuno
The Verdict of Bridlegoose.....	Llewellyn Powys
is 5.....	e. e. cummings
Tiger Joy.....	Stephen Vincent Benet
The Silver Spoon.....	John Galsworthy

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SHAW

(Continued from Page Seven)

tonight a larger audience than this but this government when it started, with its head turned by the last election, commenced on the Egyptian nation by attempting to cut off its water supply by damming the Nile. But it did not come off and now their heads have been turned rather violently in another direction by Miss Bondfield (who has just won a by-election for Labor) they have got the curious idea to try and shut off a supply of ideas in this country by damming me. It's all very well to laugh. There will be laughter over this which, personally, I will not particularly enjoy.

"For instance, at the other end of Europe our talented friend Trotzky will certainly have the laugh on Winston Churchill. Then, there is that remarkable statesman, Signor Mussolini. I don't know whether Mussolini has ever laughed, but I cannot help thinking that when next our Liberal newspapers reproach him for his suppression of the freedom of speech he will smile. The laugh will be against England, not merely against us in this room, but against the traditions of England."

SHAW then argued that the "Government" has taken a very serious step in denying freedom of speech in my case, which will probably be denied in many other cases presently because, think of the present. It was suggested to me that I should give my undertaking not to speak controversially on any public matter, and those who made that proposition to me were, apparently, unaware of the fact that they were insulting me by proposing that I should do a thing which no Englishman can do without betraying his country.

"It is apparently left to an Irishman to open the eyes of the British government. They said would I undertake to speak on any controversial matter? What is the right of free speech? It is not the right of stating in public that there are milestones on the Dover road. It is the right of speaking controversially. It is the right of controversy. It is at the basis of all parliamentary government and this Government does not even know that."

Shaw then forecast the next general election in which Labor speakers dash about addressing small audiences in hired halls while Tory Cabinet Ministers sit at home before microphones and tell millions of lies about Russians letters, Russian gold and the nationalization of women.

Shaw next denounced Capitalism at great length. "Your system has never kept its promises for one single day since it was promulgated. Our production is ridiculous. We are producing eighty-horse-power motor cars when more houses should be built. We are producing the most extravagant luxuries while children starve. You have stood production on its head instead of beginning with the things which the nation needs most. You are beginning at the other end.

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which the life of our country depends is like a motor car that is running away. It is quite evident our Government does not know how to drive it. There is no steering wheel in the car yet. If I said the French government does not know how to drive a car, I would be hitting a man when he is down. It is too appallingly evident that there is this thing which is running away with us, international finance that is not controlled by anybody."

Shaw then sketched the duties of labor when again in office. After remarking that Karl Marx changed the mind of the world, "He made a man of me. Socialism made a man of me, otherwise I should have been like so many of my literary colleagues who have just as much literary ability as I have. Socialism made a man of H. G. Wells and he has done something."

BUT look at the rest of the literary people and you will understand why I am inordinately proud of being a Socialist. I don't give that (Shaw snapped his fingers) for my literary eminence."

The problem of the distribution of wealth is labor's supreme task, said Shaw. "There is not a single person in the whole civilized world who agrees with the present distribution of wealth. Is it right that an intelligent middle-class man should be begging for a Civil List pension while the baby in its cradle is being fought over in the law courts because it has got only six million to be brought up on?"

"The first law of distribution is distribution to every baby. It must have a better income than anybody else's income if the new generation is to be a first-class generation, yet a baby has no morals, no character, no industry. It hasn't even common decency. And it is to that abandoned person that the first duty of government is due."

"I have been very happy here tonight, I entirely understand the distinction made by our chairman, Mr. Macdonald, when he said you hold me in social esteem and a certain amount of personal affection."

"I am not a sentimental man, but I am not insensible to all that. I know the value of all that and it grieves me now that, come to the age of seventy, it will not occur again. And I am saying it for the last time that it is with a great feeling of pleasure that I can say what a good many people cannot say."

"I know now that when I was a young man and took the turning point that led me into the Labor Party I took the right turning in every sense."

Fundamentalism

(Continued from Page Ten)

speedily disappears when we reflect that man by means of these successive increments has progressed so far away from the ape-like creatures that he is now only a little lower than the angels. According to the evolutionary theory of the present, it is a very long time that man has lived upon the earth, half a million years and perhaps much more. If one should go back farther than that re-

mote time and inquire as to the form of the prehuman race, it could only be said that such a race was neither simian nor human. But the significant fact is that in that immense time man has climbed a long way toward the angels and seems indeed to be approaching the image of God. For we think of God as the power which makes for righteousness, the sum of ideal values, and slowly but surely, now with rapid steps, now slipping back, a little, man is realizing those ideal values. He is never satisfied with the heights he has gained, but aspires upward. Human slavery, war, the subjection of women, child labor, religious intolerance, intemperance—they were all once just taken for granted. Now we are ashamed of them all. Some are gone, all will have to go. Human interests are ever getting higher. Art, literature, science, philosophy, social service, social justice, more equal opportunities, rights of women, of children and of laborers—these are the enterprises of men of the twentieth century.

Another feature of twentieth century evolution is the lesser emphasis put upon the notion of nature as a battlefield—as a scene of sanguinary and ruthless struggle in which the fittest survive. This was one of the unhappy ideas associated with the name of Darwin, even until recently made the excuse and vindication of every evil thing in human society. It is unfortunate that a part of this precious twentieth century has got to be spent in "unthinking our convenient Darwinism". Professor Patten, writing as a biologist, says that the altruism and cooperation which we are coming to recognize as the absolutely indispensable condition of further social evolution are basal and primary factors in the grand strategy of evolution in nature itself.

In fact, there seem to be indications that the whole evolutionary nomenclature of the nineteenth century was unfortunate. Per-

haps we need a new set of terms all around to describe that great world movement which for seventy-five years has gone by the name of "evolution". Many biologists are beginning to question the presupposition of the nineteenth century that the concepts of the mechanical sciences have any special prerogative in the interpretation of life and mind and society. Professor Haldane has gone so far as to reverse the order and suggests that "the idea of life is nearer to reality than the idea of matter and energy," and J. Arthur Thomson believes that the formulae of physics and chemistry are no longer adequate for the description of behavior or of development or of evolution. It is generally felt that Herbert Spencer "put something over" on the scientific world when he exalted a certain trio of concepts, namely, matter, motion and force, whose redistribution was to explain the whole world.

Biologists of the present time are largely engaged in patient and persistent investigation in the field of genetics, wisely refraining from speculation as to the causes and meaning of evolution. But it is difficult to refrain from all speculation, and when biologists do enter the field of philosophy and speak of theories of evolution, it is interesting to notice the new terms which they are using. We hear much of creative evolution, not always in the strict Bergsonian sense. We hear of "emergent evolution". We hear evolution described as "a struggle for freedom," or as a process in "self-expression." We hear of animate nature as being the work of "an artist with inexhaustible imaginative resources, with extraordinary mastery of materials." We hear of the material fabric of nature as being "alert" rather than "inert". We hear of "the grand strategy of evolution". We even hear of evolution as a process of achievement, in which life and mind and moral conduct and social organization and science and art are values which have been won.

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